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IN BOSTON.

The Librarian: HAVE YOU READ "LETTERS FROM HELL?"
She: NO. BUT I HAD A TELEGRAM FROM MY HUSBAND IN NEW YORK, THE OTHER DAY, SAYING THAT HE WAS IN HEAVEN.

· LIFE ·



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THE ENTIRE BLOCK,

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

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Their
**Fall and Winter
Importations**
of
High-Class Novelties
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**Silks,
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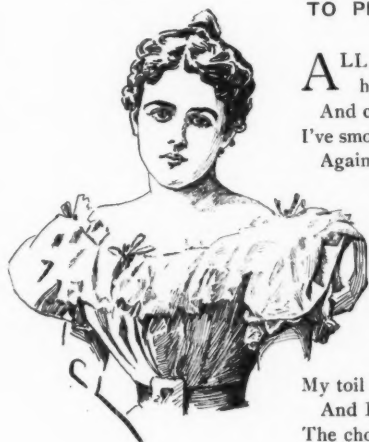
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**Paris
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TO PHYLLIS RETURNED TO TOWN.

ALL summer I've worn a shocking hat,
And confined myself to beer,
I've smoked a pipe and economized
Against your coming, dear.

I've slaved all day in the torrid town,
And saved like a paltry Jew,
In order to make a modest sum
To spend, my dear, on you.

My toil shall pay for your roses rare,
And I'll buy with hard-earned fees
The choicest bon-bons I can find,
Your girlish taste to please.

Now what have you brought me back to town?

Oh, tell me, what do you bring?
The heart of last winter true to me,
Or another's engagement ring?

MacGregor Jenkins.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

FIRST PHILISTINE: Goliath had no business to fight, anyway. He was out of condition.

SECOND PHILISTINE: Yes. Didn't expect it to come off for five years. Did you have much on it?



A MISFIT SITUATION.

Applicant: WHAT'S THE JOB WORTH?

Proprietor: THREE DOLLARS A WEEK AND MY OLD CLOTHES.



"A GOOD BIT OF COLOR."

IN THE COUNTRY.

THEY had but recently been married, and the young husband was airing his wit before his bride. An old deaf man, unknown to the bride, was just passing.

"I say," said the husband, addressing the old man, "you old bald-headed idiot, did you know your hat wasn't on straight?"

"Why, Charlie?" interrupted the bride.

"Good evening," said the old man, halting, and unconscious of the insult. "May I ask if you saw a big red calf come along this road a minute or two ago? I've lost sight of him, but I thought I heerd him holler."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. OCTOBER 25, 1894. No. 617.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



MR. NATHAN STRAUS is a citizen of notorious benevolence. His sympathies work easily, and to good purpose. He is good to the poor. In cold weather he sells them coal in small or large quantities at cost price. In summer he sells them sterilized milk for their babies, and in extra hard years he has provided shelter for them. He has been a Park Commissioner, and people who didn't think as he did about parks maintain that he was a very bad one. That is a matter of opinion, but about his kindness and benevolence there is pretty general agreement. There is such a thing, though, as having too soft

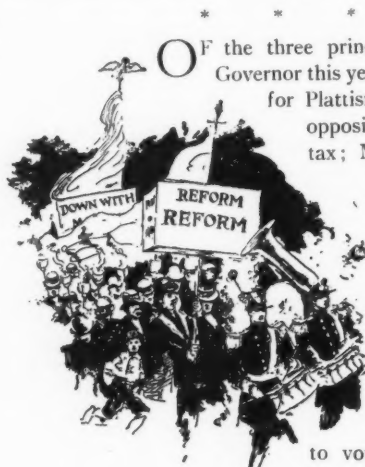
a heart, and when Mr. Straus took Tammany's nomination for Mayor he gave sorrowful evidence of possessing that infirmity.

Of course, Tammany's plight is distressing, and would naturally appeal to the sympathies of a kind-hearted man. But what New York wants is not a respectable figure-head in the City Hall, who will keep Tammany in, but a Mayor who will turn Tammany out.

OUR friend the *Sun* is railing at Mr. Cleveland for not taking a more decided stand in New York's canvass. We labor under the impression that Mr. Cleveland hired out to work for the people of the United States, and that the contract has not yet expired. Mr. Cleveland has always opposed employees of the government taking any active part in politics, and it would be at least inconsistent for him to except himself from his own rule. The people are more interested in him as a President than as a Democrat, and he is doing just exactly what he ought to do.

IT was a shabby piece of fool politics to arrest Mr. Morton's groom on a charge of being an imported contract

laborer. The law is clear in excepting domestic servants from its operation. That sort of demagoguery ought to win Mr. Morton votes among decent people.



OF the three principal candidates for Governor this year Mr. Morton stands for Plattism, McKinleyism and opposition to the income tax; Mr. Hill for Hillism, Murphyism (in tariff legislation), and opposition to the income tax; Mr. Wheeler for opposition to everything above named, including the income tax. The best way to beat Mr. Hill is to vote for Morton; the best way to beat Mr. Morton is to vote for Hill. The best way to show general dissatisfaction with the condition of politics in the State of New York is to vote for Wheeler.



TWO good old friends parted company when Dr. Holmes left Boston. The Autocrat loved the Hub, and the Hub delighted in the Autocrat. Some poets have written to please themselves, some to relieve their minds, some to please the editors of magazines. Dr. Holmes began by writing to please Boston, and it is partly because Boston had the discrimination to be charmed by what he wrote, that he kept on, still pleasing Boston, until all the world found out that whether it was verse or talk or written prose, whatever Holmes found good enough for Boston, was much too good to miss. It is a great credit to Boston that she should have been able to inspire and to reciprocate such a regard as she stirred in Dr. Holmes. He was her own poet. No other American city ever possessed so good a poet to the same extent, nor is it likely that any American city ever will. Such an attachment is of slow growth; the big American towns grow too fast to admit of it; the small ones have not occasions or inspirations enough to keep a first-rate resident poet busy. Besides, does anyone know of a contemporary poet of such exceptional merit as to make any live city continuously proud of him?

The relation between Boston and Dr. Holmes was not only beautiful, but it was unique. There is no prospect that we shall ever see it duplicated.



"WAS YOUR FATHER UNKIND WHEN YOU TOLD HIM YOU WANTED TO MARRY ME, HIS COACHMAN?"
"NO. HE SAID AT ONCE HE WOULD RETAIN YOU, AND HE OFFERED ME THE MAID'S PLACE."

BOOKINESS

A CURE FOR THE MALADY OF CLEVERNESS.

THERE has been a good deal of moralizing on the death of Dr. Holmes as closing a notable period in American letters, with lamentations over the present decadence through the malady of "cleverness." The young men who are writing these lamentations are suffering from this same malady of cleverness themselves. It is one of the prerogatives of cleverness to "sass" its contemporaries—particularly if they are American. The proper thing is to be so civilized that you appreciate the art and letters of all countries except your own. When Dr. Holmes was young he became one of a coterie of other young men who believed in their country and in themselves and in each other. Of course all that was very provincial from our point of view. They ought to have spent their youth and enthusiasm in telling each other how very crude they were; that the place to learn to write poetry was England, and fiction, France. Instead of Longfellow's writing in admiration of Hawthorne in the *North American* at a time when he needed praise, he ought to have pointed out how very narrow and provincial were all the "Twice-told Tales," with no glimpse in them of anything beyond a New England village. Longfellow could have done that beautifully, for he had been "abroad" and knew a thing or two. But all of those young men believed in being genuine American writers rather than imitation foreign ones. They took the material nearest their hands and hearts, and made the most of it.

When you get down to the bottom of it, you'll probably conclude that there was a pretty fine moral quality back of all their optimism that put fire into their writings—and that was "loyalty," a virtue of which little is said nowadays, except during political campaigns. It used to mean a man of honest convictions and attachments to which he stuck through evil and good report. It gave a unity and stability to his career whether he was a mechanic or a poet. There was and is a steadying quality about loyalty which frees a man from a host of unnecessary worries and apprehensions, and keeps him young in spirit and enthusiasm.

ALL of which is no excuse for the prejudices of ignorance. Holmes and his contemporaries were men who tried to know something of the best that was being done in the world; but they believed in applying that knowledge *in* and *for* America.

There is one thing strongly in favor of the clever young men of to-day—and that is their health of body and mind. The spread of college and amateur athletics has had a great deal to do with it. A large part of their cynicism is simply disgust with the morbid introspection of the school of American writers which prevailed a few years ago. A healthy young man is likely to say that it is "all rot"—and he is pretty nearly right about it. He is beginning to

HIS LAST ATTACK.





write some books to please himself, and they are full of the enthusiasm of health. They are, perhaps a little materialistic, which is natural, for youth is material in its motives.

A good healthy organism will be pleased with its surroundings, or at least see what is good in them. By-and-by these healthy young writers will begin to see and write about what is best in their own country; and then all their cynicism will vanish like a mist. They will be surprised to see how their own countrymen will buy their books, and talk about them. For the American is more anxious to think well of his country than the American newspaper or novelist will permit him to think.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

A MONK OF THE AVENTINE. By Ernst Eckstein. Translated by Helen Hunt Johnson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Molière. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormley. Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Boss. By Henry Champernowne. New York: George H. Richmond and Company.

Richard Dare's Venture. By Edward Stratemeyer. New York: The Merriam Company.

Miss Hurd. By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Artificial Mother. By G. H. P. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS IS A BOSTON GENTLEMAN.

WE read in a daily paper that

Mr. Thomas S. Cushing has returned from Lenox.

While this is not just the kind of information for which you buy your paper, there is the consolation of knowing that one person, at least, will peruse it with interest. That person naturally is Mr. Thomas S. Cushing. Why does the reporter follow him up in this way? Does he suppose that Mr. Cushing did not know of his own return until he saw it in the newspaper? This Mr. Cushing is a complacent, harmless gentleman, and although he may indulge in an estimate of himself that is hardly justified by his record, we understand him to be an honest citizen who has never been in jail and probably never will be. So why not let him alone?

GOT WELL.

DEACON HUMSTED: Then I sewed up the cut with waxed ends and covered it with a coat of tar to keep off the flies, and the next day the old cow was as good as ever.

DR. CUTTER: You don't mean to say she recovered?

DEACON HUMSTED: Come out of it straight as a string, sir!

DR. CUTTER: Wonderful! truly wonderful!

DEACON HUMSTED: Yes, my son says that shows the difference between ameteur and perfessional surgery.

A REFLECTION ON THE ARTIST.

JONES: Confound that barber! I'm all cuts and scratches.

MRS. JONES: Yes. You look as though you had been shaving yourself.



PURPLE.

FIND THE HEIRESS



Puzzle.

FIND THE HEIRESS.



TWO IMPORTATIONS.

NATURALLY one would suppose that these poor United States had had enough Columbus art, Columbus literature and Columbus drama, during the past three or four years. Mr. E. E. Rice supposes otherwise. At all events, he has imported for use in this country an English extravaganza which has Columbus and the World's Fair as the suggestive motive. It can be truthfully said though, that neither Columbus nor the Fair enter so deeply into the construction of the piece as to be either a detriment or a benefit.



"Little Christopher Columbus" is to some extent marred by that good, soggy humor, which is so dear to the heart of the Briton, but makes the American suffer. We fancy from the appearance of the remains, that Mr. Rice must have amputated a good deal of this, but there is still ample opportunity for him to use his scalping knife. In taking off the British excrescences though, he has left a good many bare spots which sadly need a transplanting of American fun. We understand that it is Mr. Rice's custom to build up his successes from unpromising beginnings, but we doubt that there is enough of "Little Christopher" to form even a decent foundation. The first act is so heavy that it would sink a ship, and only the specialties introduced in the second save that from being over-weight. The third act, where the action goes on in the Cairo street of the Midway, is the best. As a rule the songs and music are not interesting. There are a few numbers, however, which are very

pretty, notably the "Lazily, drowsily," of the first act, and the solo of *Little Christopher* in the last act, with the chorus in the wings.

Miss Helen Bertram, as *Little Christopher*, is attractive both as boy and girl, and has a sweet contralto voice, which is fully up—or down—to the requirements of the part. The other ladies of the cast have little to do but sing in chorus, wear handsome costumes, and be as pretty as nature and cosmetics can make them, in all of which they succeed admirably. The glowing success of the production is Mr. George Walton, who was rudely

plucked from the modest obscurity of "the principal London and

Australian theatres," as the programme kindly informs us. LIFE does not see why New York should rob London and Australia of such comedians as Mr. Walton. The Rialto is crowded with actors who can inject as little fun into a funny part as Mr. Walton can, and who would doubtless be boresome for less money. The other men in the cast have also very weird notions of what fun is.

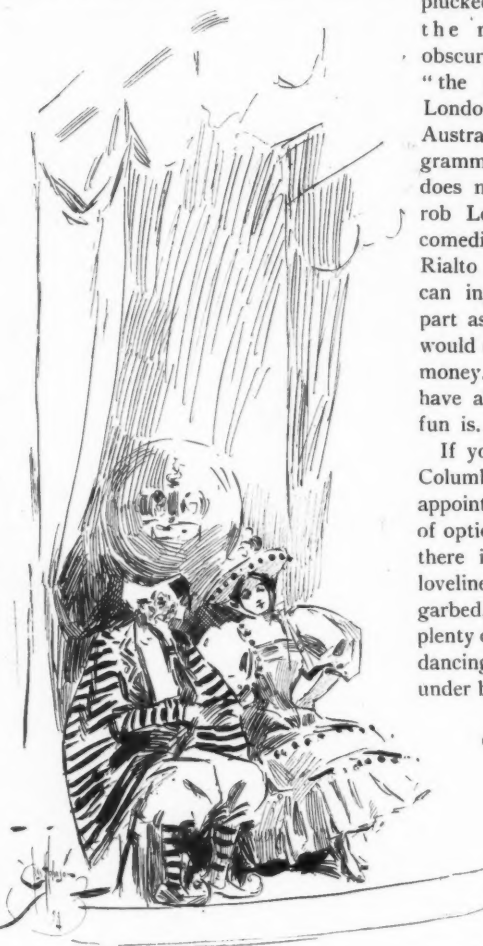
If you go to "Little Christopher Columbus" to laugh, you will be disappointed. If you go to have a sort of optical jag you will be pleased, for there is an abundance of feminine loveliness, garbed and not too much garbed, a wealth of brilliant color, and plenty of marching, counter-marching, dancing, turning and whirling, all under bright lights.

Besides Mr. Rice, Messrs. George R. Sims, Cecil Raleigh, Ivan Caryll and Gustave Kerker had a hand at the book and music of the piece. We wonder what sort of a broth it would have been if there had been a few more cooks.

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*
CORRECT pronunciation is—or was—considered to be an essential to good acting. In this primary



THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY BLOCK (MR. MACDONOUGH.)



THE BEY OF BARATARIA (MR. CLARKE), AND LITTLE CHRISTOPHER.



MISS NETHERSOLE.

requirement Miss Olga Nethersole is very much at fault. She evidently prefers to be peculiar rather than right. She emphasizes her errors. Her pronunciation of such ordinary words as Englawnd and husbund is beyond the power of our usual fonts of type to express.

But Miss Nethersole comes here heralded as an English success in a field when the American stage is just now poverty-stricken. The young and emotional actress exists in America so infrequently that evidently the young English woman thought she came here to supply a long-felt want. As to the want she is right—as to her supplying it there is a question. It is not to be doubted that Miss Nethersole is clever. Also that she is imbued with a consciousness of that fact, which somewhat interferes with her conveying an idea of sincerity to her audiences. Barring this lack of faith the people before whom she acts cannot fail to admit that her work before them is pleasing. She looks young, is better than bad-looking, is supple, graceful, well-voiced, slender, and fairly magnetic, although her magnetism is more that of artistic sensualism than of nature. LIFE believes that Miss Nethersole's evident artificiality will prevent her ever becoming a really great actress even if she had every other qualification on earth. We may have reason to modify this opinion, but it does not seem likely.

Miss Nethersole's play—"The Transgressor" written by Mr. A. W. Gattiè—will not appeal to patrons of the tank drama and the Presbyterian Church. It is based on an ethical problem, and seems to support the unpopular side of the question it propounds. The

point in dispute is whether a gentleman who has an incurable wife in an insane asylum may marry another lady before the lunatic dies. It takes four acts to propound and discuss this question, and of course just before the final curtain the proper and usual telegram arrives which sends the audience away wondering what would have happened if the obstructive legal wife had not died.

Metcalfe.



"THE SISTERS GIGGLE."

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

PROPRIETOR: Why did you tell the lady you would not return her money if the tie did not suit?

NEW CLERK: She was buying it for her husband.

THE WRONG ONE.

STRAWBER: You look as if you had been laid up, old man.

SINGERLY: I have been. I announced my engagement last week.

STRAWBER: Why should that lay you up?

SINGERLY: I announced it to her father.

"IT seems to me," said Jagson, "that I can never come into this house at night without you hearing me."

"No," answered his wife, "it takes a sober man to do that."

IT is still a question whether the free-born American will adopt the European method of spelling "golf" with an "l" and pronouncing it without one, or will pronounce it as it is spelled. A third possibility is to spell it as it is pronounced, namely g-o-f-f. The late Miss Edgeworth, whose Moral Tales are still a reliance of youth in some respectable families, is quoted in support of that orthography. Miss Edgeworth is not known to have been a great sportswoman, but her reputation as a speller is high, and no one who adopts her method need blush for his authority. To put an "l" in golf and not sound it will strike many Americans as an unmanly concession to British prejudice. Long habit has hardened us to a silent "l" in "half," but "golf" is, to us, a comparatively new word, and not entitled to the degree of indulgence that "half" has won by long and laborious service.



LITTLE CHRISTOPHER
(MISS BERTRAM.)

THE REASON WHY.

WHY are the cares of life so few?
 What makes the sky so clear a blue?
 What magic gilds the Avenue?
 I mutely question.
 And why are all things changed to me?
 I'm not bequeathed a legacy,
 Nor is it just a case—*per se*—
 Of sound digestion.

This is the cause of my content:
 Last evening to her house I went—
 She's been away on pleasure bent
 Three months and over—
 And now she's home again, and bland,
 Sweet, smiling, with imprisoned hand,
 She's given me to understand—
 Well, I'm in clover!

E. B. C.



"WHAT aileth the son of Shitan?" asked the Cadi as Mustapha led before him a man whose blackened eyes, bloodied nose and wrecked attire showed that he had come up against circumstances that were too powerful for him.

"Justice, justice," cried the man as he threw himself on his face close to the carpet of audience; justice, oh, most high fountain of wisdom!"

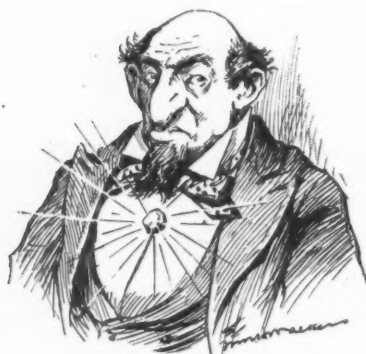
"Get up, you Giaour," replied the Cadi, "and tell us what is the matter."

"Know, your highness," the man said, as he with difficulty rose to his feet, "that last night I, a stranger within the walls of your city, did set out to seek amusement. I chanced

upon a place called a theatre. Therein I entered after paying the required shekel and a half"—

"And you seem to have had that much experience," interrupted the Cadi.

"But I wasn't looking for experience, oh, father of justice. Soon there came upon the stage a performer who pleased me greatly. I as well as the others showed our



"ON ABRAHAM'S BOSOM."



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"HEY, CHIMMY, HOW'S DAT FOR A T'ROAT TER HOLLER EXTRYS WID?"

approval by clapping of the hands and stamping of the feet, thereby creating much uproar, so much that for several minutes the performance could not continue."

"And for this they decorated your lineaments in the bizarre fashion I behold?"

"Oh, no, most gracious highness. To him succeeded a performer who asked among other things when a bed was not a bed. Now this saying is an ancient one in mine own country, and there we do not pay a shekel and a half to hear the gems of antiquity produced for original and sparkling humor. So I hissed at the performer to show that his saying was a chestnut."

"Do you not know, Giaour, that in our country we would feel homesick and lonely at a show which did not serve chestnuts? But continue thy tale."

"When I hissed an usher came to me and told me to desist. Then another performer sang a song called 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' which was a favorite with my mother-in-law, so that she sang it all last year, and I hissed again. Then came to me the owner of the theatre, and six ushers, and the gas man and the ticket-taker, and they dragged me from my seat and they pounded me and jumped on me in solos and choruses. Then they cast me



He: REGINALD CERTAINLY DANCES WELL, BUT IS SHE MARRYING HIM FOR HIS MONEY?
She: SHE THINKS SHE IS.

down the stairs, and caused different parts of me to strike on each stair as I went down."

"And did you not protest, Giaour?"

"Indeed, did I; but to what purpose? There were so many more of them than there were of me."

"Wait without the gate, Giaour. Mustapha, drag this theatre man before me."

The Cadi disappeared behind the curtain for a few moments, and a suspicious gurgle as of fluid escaping from a bottle, seemed to indicate that he was indulging in one of the pleasures forbidden to faithful followers of the Prophet. As he resumed his place, Mustapha appeared, leading a fleshy man, adorned with a very shiny silk hat, several large and off-colored diamonds, and a hackman's mustache.

"How now, slave," asked the Cadi, "is the tale of the Giaour true? Did you and your minions beat him because he hissed at a vendor of chestnuts who appeared upon your stage?"

"Quite true, oh, sublime highness."

"And is it true that you permit nothing but applause in your theatre?"

"Also true, most just Cadi. And if every one, Giaour or other, shall hiss, he shall be beaten without mercy."

"Now, by the beard of the prophet, thou son of a son of a slave, and thou darest say this to our very face! That a man may applaud but may not hiss. Mustapha! Take the slave without, shave off his ears and one side of his mustache, brush his hat the wrong way, and then let him receive strokes of the bastinado until he can do nothing but hiss. Hham d'illah—praise be to God. Mahomet is his prophet, and I am the boss Cadi."

Metcalfe.

AFTER all the money that Newport has spent in the last two or three decades in the entertainment of foreign naval officers, it seems an odd notion of the government that they should require defenses. It is proposed to spend some of the people's money on guns and earthworks to keep strangers out of the harbor in case of war. But Newport's true defense is her hospitality. Leave her free to invite the officers of an opposing naval force to come ashore, and let her entertain them, and a couple of days experience of her favors would leave them powerless for damage. The defense that Newport wants is against the newspaper correspondents.

JACK: I wonder why Pillsbury committed suicide?
MEG: Oh, it is so much cheaper than divorce, you know.



AN incident took place the other day on board an Australian liner which shows how very much mistaken Shakespeare was in supposing that one name is as good as another. A shy Australian major, after spending the first evening very late with his friends in the saloon, suddenly returned to them after saying good-night and requested an interview with the purser. He was very white, and they cruelly suggested that the person he wanted to see was the steward; but this was not the case. His communication was confidential. "There is a lady," he said, "in my cabin, No. 42."

"What rubbish!" exclaimed the purser. "Here is the list; your companion is Capt. Higginson."

"Nothing will induce me to go into the cabin again," said the major.

"Well, I'll go," returned the other. He returned with great celerity and with a face as white as the major's. "Upon my life you are right; we'll put you somewhere else for the night and see about it in the morning."

With earliest dawn they sought the steward and demanded an explanation.

"It's all a mistake, gentlemen," he said; it's Capt. Higginson, all right; here's his luggage."

"We must have this explained," said the purser; "this portmanteau is unlocked, let's see what's in it." It was a lady's wearing apparel.

"By jingo!" cried the steward, "that's what comes of taking names as don't belong to us. She said she was Capt. Higginson, but she didn't say it was only in the Salvation Army."—*Independent*.

"WERE you in the fight?" asked an officer of an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.

"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah; would have run sooner if I had known it was comin'."

"Why, that is not very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin' my perfeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nothin' to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other peoples?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."—*Exchange*.

NOT long ago a resident of one of the small towns near New York came to the city to consult an eminent oculist, whose fee for a consultation is never less than ten dollars. He was rather green in appearance, so the doctor, who is something of a wag, and who was in particularly fine spirits that morning, thought he saw an opportunity to have a little fun at the expense of his rural visitor.

In the course of the examination a prism was placed before the eye of the patient in order to test the muscles.

"Why, doctor," he exclaimed, "I see two candles!"

"Indeed!" replied the doctor. "You are very fortunate."

"How so?"

"Why, just think what an advantage you have over the rest of us! You see everything double, and beautiful pictures, charming landscapes, and lovely faces are repeated to you, and you must get just so much more pleasure out of them."

When the examination was concluded, and the prescription for the proper glasses written, the man, without a smile, laid a five-dollar bill on the table, with the remark "There, doctor—there's ten dollars for you," and was gone in a moment, leaving the astonished physician to figure up the cost of his little pleasantry.—*Harper's Monthly*.

"WHAT do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."

"I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread, jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie anyhow."

"No'm. I druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me and the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey an' some celery an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"COME, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, deak," said Bill.

"Why not? isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good 'nuff, but I ain't able to give nothin'."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money."

"Well, but William, you owe God a larger debt than any one else."

"That's true, but he ain't a-pushin' me like the rest of my creditors."—*Exchange*.

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